

# HOW I LIFTED 1,000,000 POUNDS AND HOW I FAILED

**Famous Athlete Low Describes "Right" Training for Marvelous Feat.**

By PROF. GILMAN LOW.

**H**OW I failed to lift a million pounds little is known. That I lifted a million pounds is widely recognized and well recorded. My object in this article is clearly to put before the public the truth relative to my failure to perform this "marvelous lift" and also my success.

To begin with, the million-pound lift was proposed by Bernarr Macfadden mostly as a jest. In Mr. Macfadden's office one day in the early fall of 1902, I told him that I had the day before lifted 1,000 pounds 103 times in one minute flat. This showed that I was in excellent condition. He regarded the feat with more or less doubt, and thinking there might be a possibility of my being mistaken, I went to the gymnasium on the following day and in the presence of Mr. Macfadden and fifteen witnesses, men, who happened to be working in the gym at that time, I lifted 1,000 pounds 130 times in one minute flat, bettering my claim of the day previous twenty-seven times in excess. Instantly he said to me, "Low, I'll tell you what you do; lift 1,000 pounds 1,000 times, and do it as quickly as you can—that will make a million-pound lift. If you succeed in accomplishing this apparently impossible feat, I will publish it in my magazine for scientific reasons."

**I** AT ONCE began my training, but if I had been allowed my own preference, I would have continued along lines radically different from those which I adopted. I had agreed to follow the advice of the best trainers relative to exercise and feeding; and nothing was left me but to submit. Under their direction I used weights of all descriptions, eating from three to four meals a day, and anything that I chose, or that which I imagined my appetite craved—including meals.

At the end of two months I was to all appearances in most excellent condition, from a muscular viewpoint; every muscle seemed trained to the minute. I carried no superfluous weight, and every muscle indicated that I was ready for any emergency.

## Soon Knew Condition.

At 9 o'clock in the evening of December 8, 1902, I began my million-pound lift before physicians, food experts, athletes, and trainers. When weighing I found I tipped the scales at 189 pounds in gymnasium costume. I had not proceeded very far on this heart-rending grind before I found my internal strength was not equal to my apparently outward superb condition.

## Cuban Proverbs

There are beautiful flowers which, if worn in the hair, will smear a belle with sticky juice.

Give me a sinner trying to be good. Keep, yourself, for all I care, the idle saint.

He who has been wise enough to get plenty of sleep will be too wise to have much need for it.

Constant scratching will change the itch into an abscess.

So beans, so children. Becoming ripe they forget their pods with speed.

Kicked by the bare foot of a pauper one is more hurt than if kicked by the king in golden sandals, and more resentful; and hard and sharp-edged jewels on the head that pats give comfort and not bruises to the patted head.

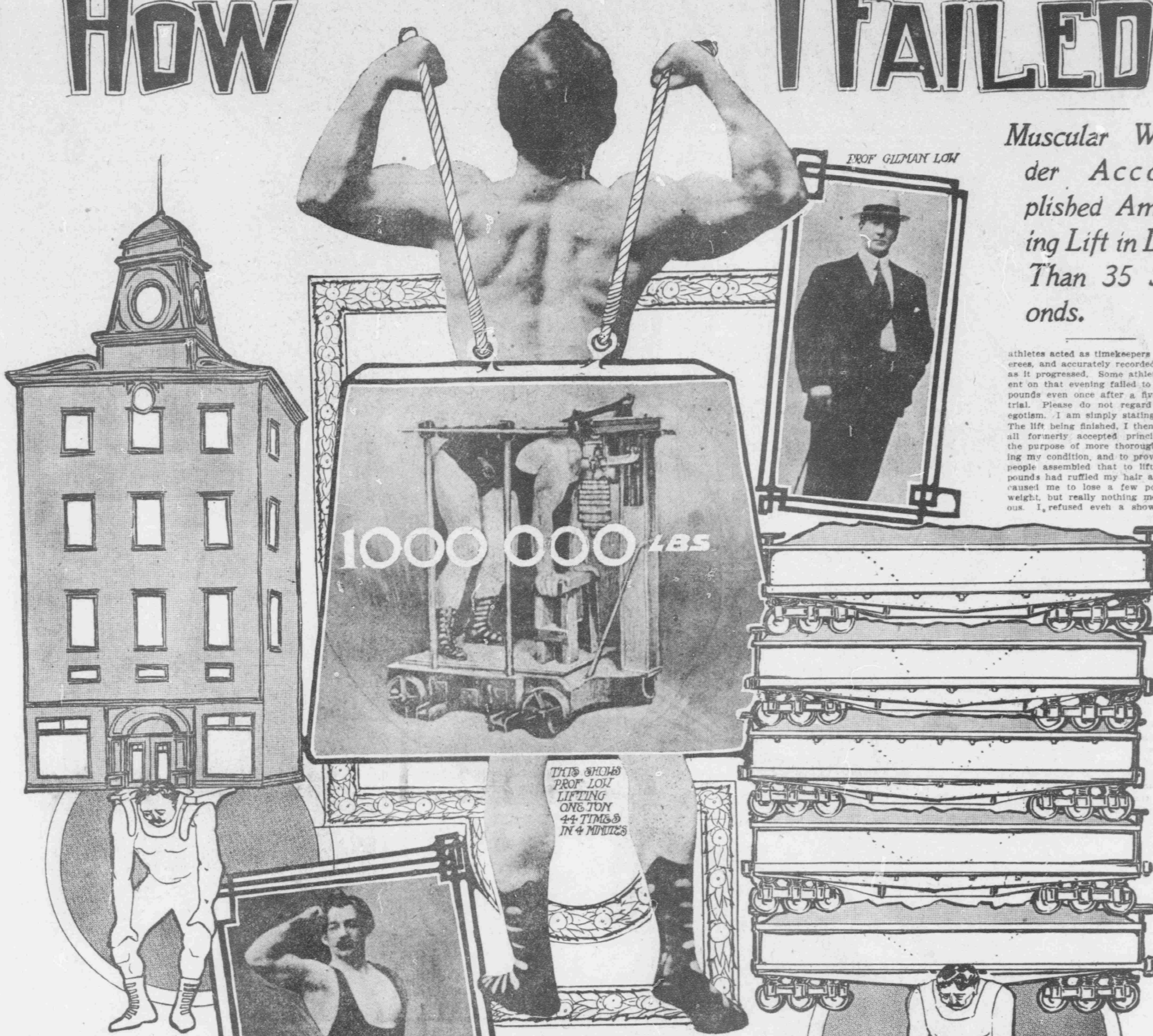
I force my mule to walk, to trot, to run; yet he mule thrice as much as I. I cannot force my new-born babe to smile, yet I could crush him with one hand.

Could we see through a man's shirt, how often would we refuse to give him friendship.

The back of a machete would cut as well as the front if enough time were spent in sharpening it.

Locked in Cabanas, one does not shout because the day is fine.

Sailors, in calm, pray for another ship so that they may visit; in storm they pray for solitude, that they may avoid collision. And O, remember that storms rise quickly out of calms.—Bohemian.



**LIFT EQUALS A HOUSE,**  
At Least a Four or Five-Story Dwelling.

The result was soon forthcoming; for after lifting 1,000 pounds 525 times in 38 minutes and 45 seconds, I proved to be more than "all in." I could smell and taste blood. There was a terrible ringing sound in my ears. My brain was whirling at a terrific pace, and the moment I rested, my eyes became completely bloodshot, and it was fully fifteen to twenty minutes before I regained my equilibrium; before, my center of gravity was under full control of my brain. I then found it necessary to support myself for five or six minutes by clinging to the iron posts of the scales. My stomach, heart, lungs, in fact every organ refused to give me assistance. My whole being seemed to be undergoing a rebellion from the inner man. I was too finely trained muscularly, very much undertrained organically.

This is what I discovered. No one can tell any other man how to eat, how to train, or how to live, unless he himself knows more, or, at least, as much as the man whom he is attempting to handle, or unless his method strikes to a certain degree a harmonious cord within the man he is handling; for the trainer and the athlete must work not only harmoniously from the physical standpoint, but with equally as much harmony must they exhibit from the mental and thus jointly.

I then rested several weeks, to begin a training of a far different nature; more as God Almighty lays out a man's work. The result was far different.

My two months' training for the successful lift, I will describe as follows: I began by eating one meal a day, this I continued for five weeks. My meals consisted of three eggs, one half loaf of whole wheat bread, fruit—either oranges, grapes, apples, or bananas—cereals and nuts, and one glass of milk after the meal; also plenty of cool, distilled water during the day. As an experiment I ate meat twice during the first five weeks, and found I would have been just as well off without it. The last three weeks I lived on four meals weekly, consisting of the same diet as the five weeks previous. At 10 o'clock on the morning, on the day that the lift

was made, I increased my eggs to six, also increased the bread; otherwise, my meal consisted of the same allowance.

## Successful at Trial.

On Saturday, the first week in June, 1903, at 9 in the evening, I began that which I was so sure of successfully finishing, for on the Wednesday previous I had made the lift in the presence of one witness in thirty-eight minutes and forty-six seconds, taking only one second more to lift the entire 1,000,000 pounds than I had consumed in lifting the half million the time I had attempted and failed. My weight tipped the scales at exactly 290 pounds, including the back pad and gymnasium suit. Twelve hundred pounds in weighing weights were then placed on the beam, showing that each lift of the beam meant 1,000 pounds dead weight had been raised. Before going under the scales I had made the statements to the physicians, food experts, athletes and trainers present (over

fifty in number) to the effect that I would perform the lift in thirty-two minutes or less. I accomplished the lift, lifting 1,000 pounds 1,000 times (for good measure) in thirty-four minutes and thirty-five seconds, making a total lift of 1,000,000 pounds, twenty-five seconds better than I had stated. My quickest lift was the lift of 50,000 pounds which completed the 800,000 pounds' mark. 1,000 pounds being raised fifty times in thirteen seconds flat. This has stayed as an incidental world's record. The next 50,000 pounds I lifted with my legs alone, and, of course, I found this to be the hardest test of all, as no assistance from my arms favored me this time.

Immediately following the 1,000,000-pound lift, to convince those present of my superb condition I raised one ton forty-seven times in four minutes, placing on the beam 2,200 pounds in weights. This was accomplished with two rests; the first lift, I raised the ton twenty-two times in nineteen and one-fifth seconds, beating my old world's record of twenty-two in 30

seconds. The next lift, one ton ten times in eleven and one-fifth seconds, making a total of raising forty-four tons, dead weight, in four minutes flat. The total amount of dead weight which I raised in fifty-five minutes was just 1,141,331½ pounds.

## Walked Continually.

Between each 50,000 pounds lifted I walked continually, not sitting down to rest, as I had in my previous attempt, which I had found a great detriment to rapid lifting, as the rest between each series of lifts, had a tendency to stiffen me. Walking was the one thing which kept my legs and back in a flexible and proper condition to continue the work.

I consumed one glass of water, only, during the whole time the lift progressed, and that by sipping slowly; at least half of this I used principally to rinse and cool my mouth, the rest I drank. You can perhaps have a better idea as to the amount of energy I expended when you learn that I lost in actual weight over five and three-fourth pounds during the fifty-five minutes, and I felt that the greater part of these five and three-fourth pounds were lost during the thirty-five minutes.

Two weeks after, I smashed all previous records of my own, which were then also world's records, by raising one ton twenty-nine times in twenty seconds.

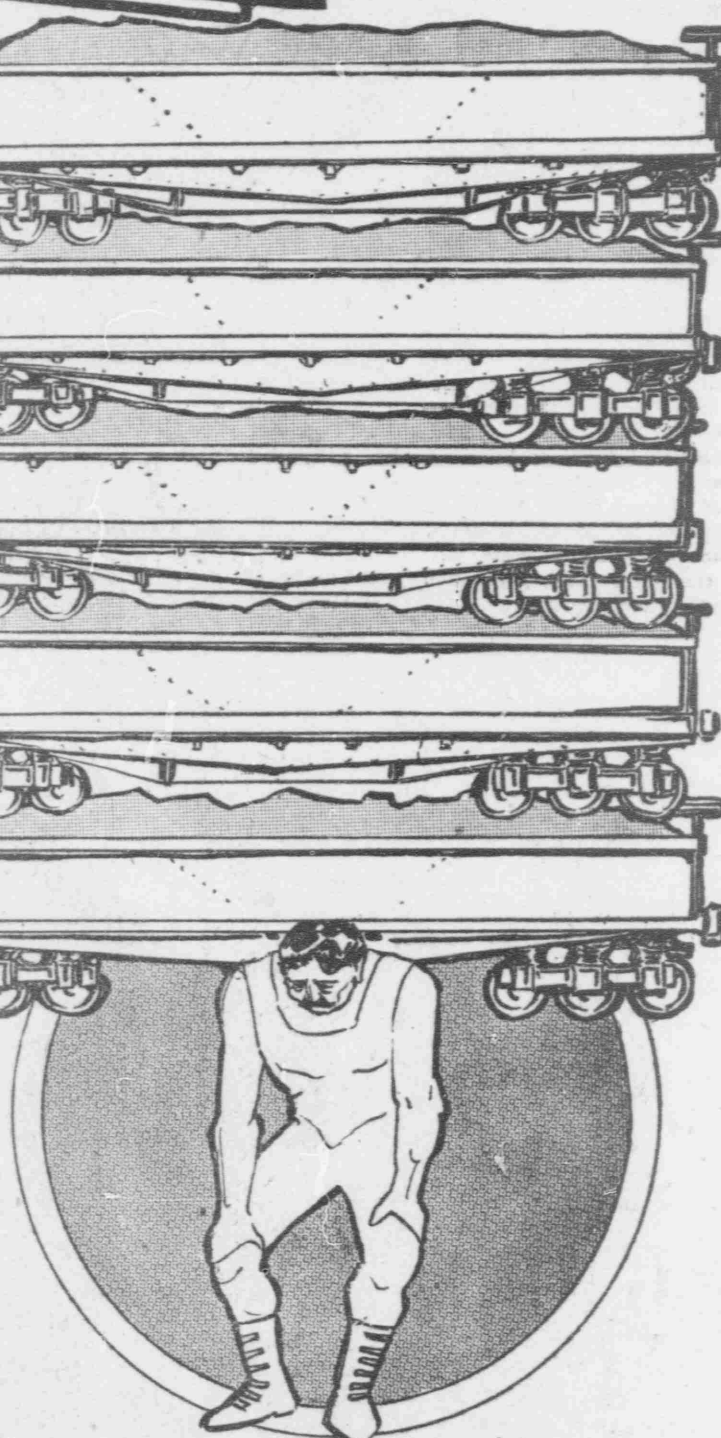
My only object was to prove that through methods purely scientific, and in accordance with all natural laws, great things (athletically) could be accomplished.

## One Meal a Day.

By eating one meal a day and training with no weights of any description, except possibly light weights, I had stored up so much reserve force, from not having overtaxed my assimilative powers but supplying that sufficiently to nourish the body, and no more, that I could have afforded to have lost even twelve pounds the night of the lift. Dr. Julian P. Thomas, of New York city, was my medical examiner. He examined my heart immediately after I lifted the 1,000 pounds 800 times, and found my pulse to be 85; my respiration had increased only in

**Muscular Wonder Accomplished Amazing Lift in Less Than 35 Seconds.**

athletes acted as timekeepers and referees, and accurately recorded the lift as it progressed. Some athletes present on that evening failed to lift 1,000 pounds even once after a five-minute trial. Please do not regard this as egotism. I am simply stating a fact. The lift being finished, I then ignored all formerly accepted principles for the purpose of more thoroughly testing my condition, and to prove to the people assembled that to lift 1,000,000 pounds had ruffled my hair a bit and caused me to lose a few pounds in weight, but really nothing more serious. I refused even a shower bath



**TAKES FIVE FREIGHT CARS TO EQUAL MILLION POUNDS.**

capacity, not a particle in velocity, which showed my circulation and the condition of my heart to be in a remarkably perfect state. Well-known

or a rub down, but dressed in the heated and perspiring condition, and felt no ill effects the next day; in fact, never felt better in my life.

## CHARITY BY LANDON CARTER.

**T**HE word charity is almost universally abused by applying to it, or rather associating with it, the results of merely material generosity whereas a much higher form of philanthropy is possible to all—even the poorest—that which emanates from the sympathy which eases heart's sorrows, soothes and encourages the despondent. A material gift can only be of short-lived duration, and frequently does more harm than good. It is like giving opium to kill temporary pain—which only to weaken the system, so as to make the person less able to bear pain in the future. Thus does some so-called charity weaken, as much as it is intended to aid. But moral encouragement is proportionately lasting and a seed that bears fruit silently, unseen and everywhere. Without the culture of charity a man cannot come to his own kingdom. In the stiller age of today, when most benefactors and charities are judged by their material value, then, indeed, are the higher and keener forms of suffering, denied relief, for to the noble, self-

respecting unfortunates alms-giving is but adding insult to their injuries. An English poet has recently made a timely appeal for "black-coated poverty"—

For those who make no sign but who slowly starve and yet make no appealing.

Such suffering can only be relieved by subtler means and must come disguised in such a way as not to humiliate.

To the most influential and wealthy classes of today, perhaps this type of "black-coated poverty" is comparatively unknown, and in their yearning desire to share their bounty and help the less fortunate, they often make gifts to the conspicuous professional beggars, and by such misguided generosity, is indolence frequently encouraged.

Through sympathy alone can one keep in touch with humanity, and true charity is but the outcome of exercising this characteristic.

Charity has no greater foe than reckless, injudicious, extravagant generosity. It is true that it is difficult to approach and relieve the worst sufferers, for their pride creates formidable barriers. However, this class is well worth reaching, encouraging, and succoring.